charged with the care of these mentally afflicted people" (7), the Provincial Secretary reminded him that, strictly speaking, provincial jurisdiction was only over those who had been certified to be insane. The whole point of the Reception Hospital was treatment of "those who are not certified to be insane, but are suffering from some trouble of an indefinite nature."

He passed the buck, though the city officials appeared equally willing to pass it back, as the interests of the mentally ill were lost in yet another jurisdictional dispute. It was as if, to enjoy state support, the mad had to suffer stigmatization; only those who could afford to, could escape it.

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She insisted. Recovery was inevitable - across the lifespan and around the world.

Long before there had been a $CAMH, people had simply got better. However every year at $CAMH they cried for more and money.

Worse, they got it.

She bragged how they'd grown from an institution that took in ten million per campaign to one that routinely scored three times that amount.

However, the recovery rate didn't keep pace.

She cleared her throat to deliver the punch line, that their most significant breakthroughs were still in the future.

If that meant curing everyone, he'd heard it before. He'd read about it too. The future was past.

All she needed was another $200 million - to take $CAMH where MADKIND had not voyaged before.

To discover the source of Thing Street, the Head of the Nile of Brain Disease.

To reverse the Niagara Falls of Dementia and Cure Everyone.

She was raving as she referred to the grounds of Thing Street Asylum as a CAMPUS.

He wondered what they were doing now.

The slogans and swastikas of Brain Disease Fascism waved the answer from the towers and minarets of New Berchtesgaden at Thing and Ozztown.

They'd changed. She and Trixie and the rest had reduced the complexity of Mental Hell to sound bites - and mad people to followers of their brain-diseased leadership cult.

She waxed visionary imaging what the world would look like after BREAKTHROUGH.

She repeated the word without the article, like the name of a patent medicine with incantatory power.

Johnny heard Satchmo singing in his husky voice. [With BREAKTHROUGH] "I see this and that...."

Why wait 15 years, when it cost two hundred million now?

Apart from brain-stimulation and ME-medicine (personalized medication exploiting genetic information), most of the things she "saw" in 15 years were things $CAMH - or any half-decent hospital - should have been doing already - such as referring people to the right care-givers (instead of endlessly reprocessing them), taking care of children and seniors (instead of drugging and warehousing them?), etc....

It wasn't rocket science....

So it all begged the question that embarrassingly (for Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre and $CAMH) kept popping up, like Kleenex.